

Miscellaneous.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

OPEN THE DOOR THAT CHRIST THE LORD MAY ENTER IN.

The Old and Yet Ever New Story of the Cross, Reddened With the Blood of the Lamb That Was slain.

SUBJECT—"WHAT TO DO WITH JESUS."

Text—St. Matthew 27:22. "What shall I do, then, with Jesus?"

Pilate was a base politician. He had sympathies, convictions of right, and desires to be honest; but all these were submerged by a wish to be popular and to please the people. Two distinguished prisoners were within the grasp of government, and the proposition was made to free one of them. There stands Barabbas, the murderer; there stands Christ, the savior of the world. At the demand of the people the renegade is set free. As the hard-visaged, cruel-eyed Barabbas goes among his congratulating sympathizers, receiving their coarse sympathies and congratulations, Pilate turns to his other distinguished prisoner—mild meek, inoffensive, loving, self-sacrificing, and he is confounded as to what course he had better take, so he impales the mob as a jury to decide, saying to them: "What shall I do, then, with Jesus?" Oh, it is no dried or withered question, but one that throbs with warm and quick pulse in the heart of every man and woman here. We must do something with Jesus. He is here. You and I are not so certainly here as He is, for He fills all this place—the loving, living, dying Christ—and each one will have to ask and answer the question: "What shall I do, then, with Jesus?" Well, my friends there are three or four things you can do with him.

You can, in the first place, let him stand without a word of recognition; but I do not think your sense of common courtesy will allow that. He comes walking on such a long journey you will certainly give him a chair on which he may sit. He is so weary you would not let him stand without some recognition. If a beggar comes to your door, you recognize him and say: "What do you want?" If you meet a stranger faint in the street, you say: "What is the matter with you?" and your common humanity and your common sympathy, and your common sense of propriety, will not allow you to let him stand without recognition—the wounded one of the hills. You will ask: "What makes him weep? Where was he hurt? Who wounded him? Whence he came—whither he goes?" I know there have been men, who, with outrageous indifference, hated Christ; but I know very well this morning, that that is not what you will do with Jesus. Another thing you can do with Him—you can thrust Him back from your heart and tell him to stand aside. If an inoffensive person comes and persists in standing close up to you, and you have in various ways given him to understand that you do not want his presence or his society, then you ask the reason of his impudence, and bid him away. Well, that is what we can do with Jesus. He has stood close by us a great while—ten, twenty, thirty, forty years. He has stood close by you three times a day, breaking bread for your household, all night watching by your pillow. He has been in the nursery among your children; He has been in the store among your goods; He has been in the factory amid the flying wheels; and now, if you do not like His society, you can bid Him away—aye, if he will not go, you can take him by the throat and tell him you do not want his interference; that you do not want his breath on your cheek; that you do not want his eye on your behavior. You can bid him away; or, if he will not go in that way, then you can stamp your foot as you would at a dog, and cry: "Begone!" Yet, I know you will not treat Jesus that way. I know you too well. When Pilate could not do that, you could not. If you were desperadoes and outlaws I might expect it of you; but I know that that is not the way you will treat him, that that is not what you will do with Jesus.

There is another thing you can do with him. You can look upon him merely as an optician to cure blind eyes; or an artist to paint a picture; or a good friend, a helpful companion, a cheerful passenger on shipboard; but that will amount to nothing. You can look upon him as a God and be abashed when he roars the storm or blasts a fig-tree, or heaves a rock down the mountain side. That will not do you any good. No more save your soul than the admiration you have for John Milton or Oliver Cromwell. I can think of only one more thing you can do with Jesus; that is, to take him into your hearts. That is the best thing you can do with him. That is the only safe thing you can do with Him, and may the Lord Omnipotent by His spirit help me this morning to persuade you to do that.

A minister of Christ was speaking to some children, and said, "I will point you to Christ." A little child rose in the audience and came up and put her hand in the hand of the pastor and said: "Please, sir, take me to Jesus now. I want to go now." Oh, that it might be this morning, with such simplicity of experience, that you and I join hand and seek after Christ, and get an expression of His benediction and His mercy. To the first place, my hearer, take Christ into your confidence. If you can not trust him, who can you trust? I do not offer you a dry atheistical technicality. I simply ask you to come and put your feet on the "Rock of Ages." Take hold of Christ's hands and draw him to your soul with perfect abandonment, and turn yourself into the deep sea of His mercy. He comes and says: "I will save you." If you do not think he is a hypocrite and a liar when he says that, believe him and say: "Lord Jesus, I believe; here is my heart; wash it in the blood of Jesus. It is done, for I obey thy promise and come. I can do no more; that is all thou hast asked. I come. Christ is mine! Pardon is mine! Heaven is mine! Why my friends, you put more trust in everything than you do in Christ, and in everything more trust in the bridge crossing the stream; in the ladder leading up to the loft; more trust in the stove that warms the fire; more trust in the coat that keeps you warm; more trust in the drug that makes the medicine; in the bargain-maker with whom you trade; more trust in all these things than in Christ; although he stands this morning offering, without limit, and without

mistake, and without exception, universal pardon to all who want it. Now is not that cheap enough—all things for nothing? This is the whole of the Gospel as I understand it, that if you believe that Christ died to save you, you are saved. When? Now. No more doubt, I than that you sit there. No more doubt, I than that you have a right hand. No more doubt about it than that there is a God. If you had committed five hundred thousand transgressions, Christ would forgive you just as freely as if you had never committed but one. Though you had gone through the whole catalogue of crime, arson and blasphemy and murder, Christ would pardon you just as free, you coming to him as though you had committed only the slightest sin of the tongue. Why, when Christ comes to pardon a soul, he stops for nothing. Height is nothing; depth is nothing; enormity is nothing; protractedness is nothing.

"O'er seas like mountains for their size
The seas of sovereign grace expand,
The seas of sovereign grace arise."

Lord Jesus, I give up all other propensities; give up all other expectations. Rained and undone, I lay hold of Thee; I plead Thy promises; I fly to Thy arms; Lord save me, I perish. When the Christian Commission went into the army during the war there were a great multitude of hungry men and only a few loaves of bread, and the delegates of the Commission was cutting the bread and giving it out to wounded and dying men. Some one came up and said: "Cut those slices thinner, or there will not be enough to go around." And then the delegates cut the slices very thin, and handed the bread around until they all had some but not much. But, blessed be God, there is no need of economy in this Gospel. Bread for all. Bread enough and to spare. Why perish with hunger?

Again, I advise you as one of the best things you can do with Christ, to take him into your love. Now, there are two things which make us love any one—inherent attractiveness, and then what he does in the way of kindness toward us. Now, Christ is in both these positions. Inherent attractiveness, fairer than the children of men, the lustre of the morning in his eye, the glow of the setting sun in his cheek, myrrh and frankincense in the breath of his lips. In a heaven of holy beings, the best; in a heaven of mighty ones, the strongest; in a heaven of great hearts, the tenderest and the most sympathetic. Why, sculpture has never yet been able to chisel his form, nor painting to present the flush of his cheek, nor music to strike his chords; and the great surprise of eternity will be—the greatest surprise of eternity will be, the first moment when we rush into his presence, and with uplifted hands and streaming eyes and heart bounding with rapture we cry out: "This is Jesus!"

"All over glorious is my Lord;
He must be loved and yet adored;
His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure, the whole earth would love him too."

Has he not done enough to win our affections? Peter the Great, laying aside Royal authority, went down among the ship-carpenters to help them; but Russia got the great advantage of that condescension. John Howard turned his back upon the refinements, and went amid prisons to spy out their sorrows and relieve their wrongs; but England's original got the chief advantage of that ministry. But when Christ comes it is for you and me. The sacrifice for you and me. The tears for you and me. The crucifixion for you and me. If I were hopelessly in debt, and some one came and paid my debts and gave me a receipt in full, and called off the pack of hounding creditors; if I were a foundering ship, and you came in a life-boat and took me off, could I ever forget your kindness? Would I ever allow an opportunity to pass without returning you a service, or attesting my gratitude and love? Oh, how ought we to feel toward Christ, who plunged into the depth of our sins and plucked us out! Ought it not to set the very best emotions of our hearts into the warmest awe, a red-hot glow? The story is so old that people almost get asleep while they are hearing it. And yet there he hangs—Jesus the man, Jesus the God. Was there anything before or since, anything to be compared with this spectacle of generosity and love? Did heart-strings ever snap with a worse torture? Were tears ever charged with a heavier grief? Did blood ever gush in each globe of the price of a soul? The wars of earthly malice dashed his bloody face against one foot, the wave of infernal malice dashed against the other foot, while the storm of God's wrath against sin beat on his thorn-pierced brow, and all the hosts of darkness, with gleaming lances, rampaged through his holy soul! O, see the detestment of heaven's king! The conqueror fallen from the white horse! The massacre of a G-d! Weep, ye who have tears, over the loneliness of his exile, and the horrors of his darkness. Christ sacrificed on the funeral pyre of a world's transgression; the good for the bad; the great for the mean; the infinite for the finite; the God for the man! Oh if there be in all this audience one person untouched by this story of the Savior's love, show me where he is, that I may mark the monster of ingratitude and of crime. If you could see Christ as he is, you would rise from your seat and fling yourselves down at his feet, crying: "My Lord, my light, my love, my joy, my peace, my strength, my expectation, my heaven, thy all! Jesus! Jesus! Oh, can you not love him? Do you want more of his tears? Why, he has shed them all for you. He has no more. Do you want more of his blood? His arteries were emptied dry and the iron hand of agony could press out nothing more. Would you put him to worse excruciation? Then drive another nail into his hand, and plunge another spear into his side, and twist another thorn into his crown, and lash him with another flame of infernal torture. "No," says some one; "stop! stop!" He shall not be smitten again. Enough, enough the blood; enough the torture; enough the agony. "Enough!" cries earth. "Enough!" cries heaven. "Aye, 'Enough!' cries hell, at last, 'Enough!' Oh, look at him, thy butchered Lord, unshrouded and ghastly as they flung him from the tree; his wounds gaping for a bandage! Are there no hands to close these eyes? Then let the sun go out and there be midnight. How, ye go-and, and how, ye seas for your Lord is dead! Oh, what more could he have done for you and for me than he has done? Could he pay a bigger price, could he drink a worse caltrops, could he plunge into a worse catastrophe? And can you not love him? Grieve again, O, blessed Jesus, that they may feel thy sacrifice! Grieve again! Put the four fingers and the thumb of thy wounded hand upon them, that the gash in the palm may strike their soul, and thy warm life may bleed into them. Grieve again, O Jesus, and see if they will not feel. Oh, what do you do with such a Christ as that? You have got to do something with him this morning. What will you do with Jesus? Will you slay him again by your sin? Will you spit upon him again? Will you crucify him again? What will you do this morning with him who has loved you with more than a brother's love; more than a father's love; yes, more than a mother's love, through all these years? Oh, is it not enough to make the hard heart of the rock break? Jesus! Jesus! what shall we do with thee?"

I have this morning to say that the question will after a while change, and it will not be, what shall we do with Christ, but what will Christ do with us? Ring all the bells of eternity at the burning of a world. In that day what do you think Christ will do with us? Why, Christ will say: "There is that man whom I called. There is that woman whom I importuned. But they would not any of my ways. I gave them innumerable opportunities of salvation. They rejected them all. Depart, I never knew you." Blessed be God, that day has not come. Half, ye destinies of eternity, and give us one more chance. One more chance, and this is it. Now, O men and women, repent or perish. That is the message I bring. There is no half-way work about it. Believe and live. Refuse and die. Some traveler in the wilderness of Australia a few years ago found the skeleton of a man, and some of his garments, and a rusty knife on which the name had been written or scratched with his finger-nail these words: "O, God; I am dying of thirst! My brain is on fire. My tongue is hot. God help me in the wilderness." Oh, how suggestive of the condition of those who die in the wilderness of sin through thirst! We take hold of them today. We try to bring the cool water of the rock to their lips. We say: "Ho, every one that thirsteth! God, thy father, awaits thee!" Ministering spirits who watch the ways of the soul, bend now, this moment, over this walling, weeping, sinning, dying auditor, to see what he will do with Jesus.

DESERTING MAHONE IN VIRGINIA

Mr. T. H. Murphy, a prominent Readjuster of Rockingham county, Va., has written a letter declining to act as a readjuster committee member for his precinct to which he was recently appointed. Mr. Murphy in his letter states that he has been a Readjuster since 1872, and voted for the Mahone electoral ticket last fall, "believing it, however, to be a simple-pure Democratic ticket," and concludes:

"But while I have been and am still a Readjuster, I have always been a Democrat, and when I find the recognized leader of the Readjustment party, General Mahone, a man whom I have followed almost blindly, deserting the Democratic party and voting with the Radical party on party questions in the Senate of the United States; when I find the leaders of the July electoral ticket, and its organs last fall, openly endorsing Mahone's course and coalescing with the Radical party, and one of these leaders and an elector at large on the July electoral ticket, accepting a nomination of a Radical caucus; when I find the Radical organs everywhere applauding Mahone's desertion; when I find that readjustment has been prostituted into a scramble for office, and that it means now an alliance with Radicalism, and an effort to Radicalize the state, I am forced to declare, as a Democrat, I will have nothing to do with the Readjuster Radical party; and I have no idea any sincere Mahone man who voted the July electoral ticket in the late Presidential election will follow Mahone into the Radical party. As to the state debt question, I must express the hope that the Democratic convention in August will adopt a platform upon which all Democrats who have the settlement of the question truly at heart can unite, and that all will come together in an effort similar to that of 1869 to save Virginia from Radical supremacy and negro domination, now threatened by the desertion of Mahone and his co-fleece seekers."

SENATOR MORGAN, in discussing the position of the Republicans on the Mahone matter, made the following point on Dawes:

Mr. Morgan said sometimes fraud got the upper hand, but that was no reason why a man should sit down simpering and put his fingers in his mouth. It was no reason a man should lose his manhood, because his rights had been taken from him—not by a reasonable majority—but snatched from him. He alluded to the cheerful countenance Mr. Dawes every day turned to the pleasing galleries, and likened him to the Lacedaemon youth who had stolen a fox and hidden it beneath his shirt, bearing with a smiling face the gnawing of the beast at his vitals until he had fallen dead. He did not charge the Senator with stealing a fox or anything else. He had merely found a fox and put under his garments, and for twenty days that fox had been gnawing at his vitals, and yet he (Mr. Dawes) had been smiling upon the Senate with that beaming expression of countenance which would commend him to the photographer if not to history. He would find in the end he would have more trouble in getting rid of the fox than he had in catching it. He passed over the question of a contract between the treaty-making powers, for he did not know the circumstances. Gentlemen who had accustomed themselves to the acquirement of political power, no matter by what means, might be able to justify the means by the result, but he could not wear the honorable character of a Senator of the United States, and for one moment have it supposed he had been concerned in a villainous bargain about the officers of the Senate.

JUSTICE AND EQUALITY OF RIGHTS.

An equal diffusion of riches through any country ever constitutes happiness. Great wealth in the possession of one, and extreme poverty in the possession of many, is in itself an injustice; but the moderately well-to-do are generally active; not too far removed from poverty to fear its calamities, not too near extreme wealth to slacken the nerve of labor, they remain still between both, in a state of continual fluctuation. How impolitic, therefore, are the laws which promote the accumulation of wealth among the rich; more impolitic still, in attempting to increase the depression on honesty.—*Globe of the World, Letter LXXII.—OLIVER GOLDSTEIN.*

The same author has the following in his "Deserted Village":

"I'll raise the land to threatening hills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Prisoners and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made
The bold squire, laborer, country squire,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
And again in his poem entitled "The Traveller":

"And all that freedom's highest aim can reach,
Is but to put propitious hands on each.
Hence, should one order disordered error,
In double weight must ruin all below."
These extracts show the learned author's ideas of government; namely, that in the management of public affairs, equality of rights should be the aim and role. This is justice, and nothing else. What right has government, which is the agent of the people, to favor ("protect") certain favorites, establishing monopolies, making the rich, richer, and the poor, poorer?

BREAD FROM HEAVEN.

Once upon a time, in a very small shanty on the fourteenth concession of West Williams township, there lived a queer old man, commonly known as O. D. Billy Blair. He had a little garden, where he raised carrots and potatoes, which seemed to be all the food he ever

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CHICAGO, ILL.

had unless some of the neighbors would send him a loaf of bread, a pie, or a roast chicken. One morning about twenty years ago as a farmers wife, whom we will call Mrs. Forethought, was baking bread, she made up her mind that as it would be done about nine o'clock, she would attend one of her boys from starting to school till he could take a loaf of warm bread to the poor old man. Now, as soon as the long pan of bread was taken from the oven a loaf was broken off, wrapped in a paper, and the boy, being in a hurry, and having a mile to go, took it and ran all the way. Arriving at the shanty he found the door ajar as usual, and Old Billy was on his knees praying. Without disturbing the worshiper he boy placed the loaf just inside the door, on a box, and ran off to school. Soon after this the old man told some of the people one day he was very hungry and could not get any food. He said that he had nothing but carrots and wanted bread, "and," said he, "while I was praying the Lord sent it right down from heaven, hot out of the oven."

HOW IT WAS DONE.

"How do you manage," said a lady to her friend, "to appear so happy and good natured all the time?" "I always have Parker's Ginger Tonic handy," was the reply, "and thus easily keep myself and family in good health. When I am well I always say good-morning. Good health is in another column. *Give us a call.*"

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Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified Executor of the estate of Frances A. Harter, late of Stark county, Ohio, deceased.

WILLIAM J. PIERO, Executor.